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THE
ROYAL PENITENT:
A
PARAPHRASE
ON THE
Seven Penitential P S A L M S.

By the Reverend
Mr. RICHARD DANIEL,
Dean of ARDMAGH.

*Wash me thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse
me from my Sin.*

*For I acknowledge my Transgressions, and my Sin
is ever before me. P S A L M LI.*

L O N D O N :

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THE
PENITENT
PARDON'D.
PSALM the SIXTH.



The A R G U M E N T.

This Piece is reckon'd the first of the Penitential Psalms, in which David complains of a very sore and grievous Distemper, which may be apply'd either to a Sickness of the Mind, or a Disease of the Body, tho' it is very likely that he laboured under both. He takes notice of some People about him who watched for his Death, in hopes to step into his Throne; but he is confident that upon his Repentance, God will restore him to his Health, to the utter Disappointment and Confusion of his Enemies.



T H E
Penitent Pardon'd.

P S A L M the S I X T H.

HE A R, Mighty God, the humble Suppliant's
Cry,

I faint——oh hear, and pardon e'er I die ;

Wild and distracted with my Sins I flee,

Thou Great Phyfician of my Soul, to Thee :

6 *The Penitent Pardon'd.*

I know my Follies must thy Anger move,
Chastise me,—but chastise me in thy Love;
Oh let thy wonted Mercy take my Part,
Vex'd are my Bones, and broken—is my Heart.

SEE how my Foes exulting in their Pride,
Watch for my Ruin, and my Fate deride!
Must those Ingrates their cruel Triumph have?
Is there no Hope, no Refuge but the Grave?
Alas, should I resign my parting Breath,
What Tribute can accrue to thee from Death?
Will the dark Vault thy wondrous Acts proclaim?
Or empty Silence sing thy Glorious Name?
Where cold and pale the senseless Carcase lies,
And all Remembrance of thy Bounty dies.

AH whither shall I turn? the irksome Day
Rolls tedious o'er my Head, and creeps away,

And

And yet my Griefs which fhun the hated Light,
Can find no Eafe, no Comfort from the Night ;
Kind Sleep, which fets all other Wretches free,
Seems to abhor my Couch, and flies from me ;
All drown'd in gushing Tears I trembling go,
Or penfive lie a Monument of Woe ;
Alas how chang'd——all Comelinefs is fled,
No fprightly Ardour plays around my Head,
Deep eating Care has furrow'd up my Face,
Unhappy *David* is not——what he was !
Oh hear me, fave me, pity, and forgive,
Nor is it yet too late to bid me live ;
One kind reviving Word will fet me free,
I beg, Great God, to live, that I may live to Thee.

H E hears, he hears, go bear the Tidings round,
My joyful Heart fprings forward to the Sound;

8 *The Penitent Pardon'd.*

He hears, and he forgives; away, be gone
Ye empty vain Pretenders to my Throne,
Blasted are all your Hopes, your little Triumph done.
From an All-Gracious God my Safety rose,
From God, who keeps his Vengeance for my Foes.



T H E



THE

INSTRUCTOR:

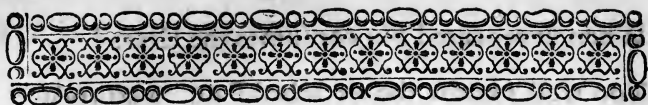
Psalms the Thirty Second.



The A R G U M E N T.

This Psalm was written by David, and designed by him to be constantly sung on the great Day of Expiation, when a general Confession of Sin was made by the whole People.

Its Descriptions are bold and lively, and of all the Psalms it is one of the most Instructive: The Reader will on one hand see the inexpressible Horror and Confusion, which attend a wicked Man who endeavours to hide his guilt from God, and is too stubborn to confess and beg Pardon; and on the other hand he may observe, what surprising Ease and Comfort flow from Repentance and an humble Confession of our Iniquities. In the last place, he will meet with some Rules laid down for the Conduct of Life, which will make him easy here, and happy hereafter.



T H E

INSTRUCTOR:

P S A L M t h e T H I R T Y S E C O N D.

H O W happy is the Man, how calm his Breast,
 Whose peaceful Conscience lulls his Soul to
 rest!

Thrice happy, when the dang'rous Storm is o'er,
 And his Good God resents his Crimes no more ;
 When Heav'n is reconcil'd, its Anger past,
 And the long wish'd-for Pardon's seal'd at last!

H o w

How fierce the Fire, how dreadful is the Smart,
When unrepented Sin consumes the Heart !
Too well I know the wretched Pain, who try'd
To hush my Conscience, and my Crime to hide :
More silly I, and foolish who believ'd
Guilt could be stifled, and my God deceiv'd ;
But oh, too soon the vain Design I mourn'd,
Good Heav'n with what a Twinge the Thought re-
turn'd !

How did it pierce, and fly thro' ev'ry Part ?
How did it rage, and stab me to the Heart ?
Fear and Amazement in my Looks were seen ;
My very Bones came starting thro' the Skin :
Hell, Hell was in my Breast——
By Day for Refuge I to Business fled,
And with Affairs of Moment fill'd my Head ;
But oh ! in vain I plung'd my self in Care ;
The stinging Guilt pursu'd and rack'd me there.

What

What should I do? my easy Couch I prest,
And thought that gentle Sleep would give me Rest;
Sleep would not, could not come, the silent Night
Enlarg'd my Crime, and gave it all to Sight:
From side to side I turn'd, I rav'd, I toft,
And wish'd my very Sense of Being lost.

So when a Lion wounded from afar,
Feels in his panting Side the quivering Spear;
Upward he springs, then rolling on the Ground,
Tugs at the broken Shaft, and licks the Wound;
Fev'rish he flies, he seeks the cooling Shoars,
And mad with Pain, the lordly Savage roars.

B L E S T was the Time, and happy was the Day
When first my Reason reassum'd its Sway;
'Twas then with shame I view'd my Conduct past,
I loath'd, I mourn'd, and own'd my Crime at last;

Prostrate

14 *The* INSTRUCTOR.

Prostrate on Earth before my God I lay,
And in a flood of Tears dissolv'd away ;
And, oh ! these Tears, said I, shall never cease,
Till thy all-gracious Hand has sign'd my Peace.
He heard, he saw, and willing to forgive,
He pity'd, nay, he kindly bid me live.
Then, then I felt a sudden Transport rise,
Spring in my Heart, and lighten in my Eyes :
From my charm'd Soul I banish'd ev'ry Care ;
All Heav'n rush'd in, and took Possession there.

YE Sons of *Israel*, who with just Accord,
Obey his Precepts, and adore the Lord,
Would ye thro' Storms of Life in safety ride ?
Let then your King's Experience be your Guide ;
Submit with Pleasure to your Maker's Sway,
Loth to offend, and willing to obey :

Not like the unthinking Mule, or sluggish Horse,
Which wants the goring Spur to win his Course,
For manly Reason should in Good rejoice ;
Whilst sacred Love, not Force, directs its Choice :
When e'er from Virtue's Precepts ye depart,
When e'er some fav'rite Vice has stain'd your Heart ;
Let not a Day escape, one Moment roll,
But drive the dire Contagion from your Soul :
Timely against the lurking Ill provide,
Nor vainly hope the latent Guilt to hide ;
Dread an all-seeing God, his Wrath assuage ;
Confess, repent, and deprecate his Rage,
His Rage which bids the angry Tempest rise,
Works up the Waves, and blackens all the Skies ;
From whose broad Hand the gather'd Waters flow,
Burst o'er the Sinner's Head, and drown a guilty
World below.

16 *The* INSTRUCTOR!

BE wise, my Sons, with humble Reverence bend,
In Heav'n confide, and make your God your Friend ;
Let a false Joy the Sinner's Heart deceive,
Chuse ye the Sweets which Innocence can give.
In Virtue's Paths your happy Hours employ,
No Fears, no Terrors shall your Peace destroy,
Bless your good God, and clap your Hands for Joy.



T H E



THE
DISTRESS.

Psalm the Thirty Eighth.



The A R G U M E N T.

This Psalm was likewise written by David, when he was afflicted with an ulcerous Distemper, which had broke out on all Parts of his Body; and at a Time when he labour'd under a trouble of Mind for some secret Sin which he had committed; which he humbly confesses, and for which he sincerely repents. He very finely sets forth the unhappy Condition even of the greatest of Men, who are sure in their Misfortunes, not only to be push'd at by their Enemies, but to be forsaken by their Friends.

He comforts himself in the Mercy and Loving-Kindness of God; and very wisely concludes, that in him, and him only, we can justly confide.



THE
DISTRESSES.

PSALM the THIRTY EIGHTH.

AH endless Source of Woe! ah fatal Smart
Which inward burns, and preys upon my
Heart!

Bent down, and doubled to the Earth I lie,
Oh frown not, Mighty Being, or I die;

The Stings of Guilt my conscious Thoughts controul,

And plant a thousand Daggers in my Soul ;

The sad Extremes of Ill are justly join'd,

A fev'rish Body, and a tortur'd Mind :

I merit all thy utmost Rage can do ;

Yes, I deserve it all, and feel it too.

Oh see, most mighty God, behold the Wound

Which racks my Soul, and bows me to the Ground ;

Sore fiery Boils break out on ev'ry Part,

They flame, they shoot, they sting me to the
Heart ;

From whose hot Plague, a noisome Stench proceeds,

Whilst all th' infected Carcase burns and bleeds ;

Oh loathsome to myself ! oh foul Disgrace !

Where shall the wretched *David* hide his Face ?

Tho' one vast Sore o'er all my Flesh is seen,
Yet oh, I mourn a greater Ill within ;
The Cause, the fatal Cause still hits my Sight,
It haunts my Thoughts by Day, my Dreams by
Night :

Wretched, nay very wretched let me be,
What other can my Sins expect from thee ?

W H Y heaves my swelling Heart with Sorrows
prest,

Why does it pant, and flutter in my Breast ?
What would'st thou say, my Heart, or how express,
How tell the piteous Tale of thy Distress ?
Be hush'd, fond Thing, and let thy Sighs alone,
Too well thy Follies, and thy Grievs are known ;
He knows, he knows thee all, he sees thee through,
Ah, as he sees, would he but pity too !

I thought in my Distress some Friends to find,
 If Courts have Friendship, or if Vows can bind ;
 But Vows are light as Air, and flit away,
 And the false Makers are as light as they ;
 Careless they hear my Groans, and mock my Toil ;
 Safe at a distance they look on, and smile,
 Oh cruel ! how have ye my Heart deceiv'd ?
 How have ye sworn, and how have I believ'd ?
 That I have sinn'd against my God, is true ;
 But say, unkind, what have I done to you ?
 Oh thou most Glorious Being, good, and just,
 In whom alone my Soul can safely trust ;
 By all forsaken, to thy Throne I flee,
 From a false World I turn my Eyes to thee ;
 For thou art Friends, and World, and All to me.

SEE how my Foes in proud Derision stand,
 And bless the angry Tokens of thy Hand !

Joyful,

Joyful, they think the happy Time is come,
To which my wayward Fate has fix'd my Doom.
A thousand Schemes, a thousand Plots they frame,
To blast my Honour, and asperse my Fame:
Food for a Day some new-coin'd Lye is found,
And the malicious Whisper walks its round.
Let the sham Patriots of their Virtue boast,
And talk to gaping Crowds of Freedom lost;
With blackest Crimes my Government be charg'd;
My Virtues lessen'd, and my Faults enlarg'd:
Calm and unmov'd the idle Tales I hear;
Inclin'd to pity, whom I scorn to fear.
Ah! let not from such Hands my Ruin be;
'Tis just that I should die,——but die by thee!

○ thou great Ruler of the Realms above,
Eternal Round of Mercy, and of Love;

Look gently down, and pity the Distrest ;
By Friends forsaken, and by Foes oppress ;
O pardon my Presumption to believe,
Bad as I am, that thou wilt still forgive ;
From all my vile, my hateful Sins I turn,
With Tears confess them, and in Ashes mourn :
O hear me, Glorious Being, and forgive,
Heal, heal a broken Heart, and bid me rise and live.





U R I A H.

PSALM the FIFTY FIRST

P A R A P H R A S E D.



The A R G U M E N T.

In this Psalm, David in a very moving Manner bewails the Sin which he had committed with Bathsheba, and the Murder of Uriah. Having a severe Judgment pronounced against him by Nathan the Prophet, he humbleth himself before God, and begs pardon with the lowest Submission. His Thoughts are tender and highly passionate, and carry in them an Air of that Sorrow and Compunction which are necessary to form a just and acceptable Repentance: The whole Psalm is work'd up with great Piety and Devotion; and above all, the tender Concern which he expresses for his People, and for Jerusalem, lest they should suffer for his Fault, makes the Conclusion inimitable.



U R I A H.

PSALM the FIFTY FIRST.

Great God, with conscious Blushes, lo! I
come

To cry for Pardon, or receive my Doom!

But oh! I die when I thy Anger meet,

Prostrate I lay my Body at thy Feet;

How can I dare to ask for a Reprieve?

Must I still sin, and will my God forgive?

Thy Justice cannot let thy Mercy flow,

Strike then, O strike, and give the deadly Blow:

Do

Do I still live, and do I live to prove
The inexhausted Tokens of thy Love?
This unexampled Goodness wounds me more,
Than e'en the Wrath I merited before.

O H I am all a Blot, the foulest Shame
Has stain'd my Scepter, and disgrac'd my Name;
A Name which once I could with Honour boast,
But now——the Father of his People's lost:
Tho' in the Paths of Wickedness I trod,
Yet sure I must not lose thee all, my God;
Some little Comfort to my Soul impart,
I feel thee here triumphant at my Heart;
'Tis thou alone canst ease me of my Pain,
Thy healing Hand can blot out ev'ry Stain,
Can purge my Mind, and make the Leper clean.

T H O' darkly thy mysterious Prophet spoke,
Whilst from his Lips, the fatal Message broke,
Fix'd, and amaz'd, I stood confounded whole,
Too soon his dreadful Meaning reach'd my Soul ;
Thou art the Man——has fix'd a deadly Smart,
Thou art the Man——lies throbbing at my Heart.
I am——whate'er thy Anger can express,
Nor can my Sorrow make my Follies less.

R A I S'D, and exalted to the first Degree,
Thy heav'nly Will had made the Monarch free ;
The fond Restraint of Man I scorn'd to own,
But grasp'd the full Possession of a Crown ;
Indulg'd in Ease, I rul'd without controul,
And to its utmost Wish enjoy'd my Soul :

Vain Boast of Pow'r, which vanish'd into Air,
 Since I forgot the Lord who fix'd me there!
 Was it for this thou gav'st the Glorious Land,
 And thy own Flock committed to my Hand?
 Was I the Shepherd to go first astray,
 Till Innocence itself became my Prey?
 Ah no, the Fault was mine, I stand alone,
 Be thine the Praise, who plac'd me on the Throne,
 The Guilt, the Folly, and the Shame my own.

B E F O R E my Birth the fatal Stain began,
 And growing Vice pursu'd me into Man,
 Too close I follow'd where Inticement led,
 And in the pleasing Ruin plung'd my Head:
 How wretched is the Man, how lost his Mind,
 Whom Pleasure softens, or whom Passions blind?

I should have met the Foe with equal Fires,
And bravely combated my own Desires :
I should—but oh too soon I fell, for Sin
Had brib'd my Heart and made a Foe within :
I broke thro' all, tho' Conscience did its Part,
Conscience the faithful Guardian of the Heart.
How vile must I appear, how lost a Thing?
The worst of Tyrants, and no more a King ;
O do not thou my abject State despise,
But let my Soul find Favour in thy Eyes ;
Tho' loathsome is my Crime, and foul the Stain,
The humble Suppliant never kneels in vain.

A M A Z I N G Terrors in my Bosom roll,
And damp the rising Vigour of my Soul ;
'Tis Guilt, 'tis conscious Guilt that shakes my Frame,
That chills my Ardour, and benights my Flame ;

Ah mighty God, vouchsafe thy quickning Ray,
Drive from my Mind these gath'ring Clouds away,
One kind Regard can give again the Day.

If e'er my artless Youth was thy Delight,
If e'er my Soul was precious in thy Sight,
If *David* ever merited thy Care,

Restore me to my self, and fix me there ;
Then let a thousand gay Delusions rise,
Let flatt'ring Vice sit smiling in my Eyes,
Undaunted I will go my Faith to prove,
And give my God an instance of my Love ;
The bright Temptation shall before me flee,
And my untainted Soul shall rest on thee.

I fear like *Saul* I have incurr'd thy Hate,
And as I fill his Throne, should share his Fate ;
Well I remember how th' infernal Guest
Tumultous heav'd, and labour'd in his Breast ;

Amaz'd I saw his dreadful Eye-balls roll,
Whilst cold Dismay hung shudd'ring o'er his Soul ;
His frantick Rage subfided as I play'd,
And Musick's softer Pow'rs the Spright obey'd ;
That potent Harp which could the Fiend command,
Now drops as uselefs from its Master's hand ;
Eternal Torments in my Bosom rage,
My fiercer Griefs no Musick can assuage ;
'Tis thou alone canst succour the Distrest,
And drive the sullen Fury from my Breast.

WHEN e'er the horrid Deed I backward trace,
My Soul rolls inward, and forgets her Peace ;
Waking I dream, and in the silent Night
A frightful Vision stalks before my Sight ;
The pale *Uriah* walks his dreadful Round,
He shakes his Head, and points to every Wound :

O foul Disgrace to Arms ! who now will go
 To fight my Battles, and repel the Foe ?
 Who now to distant Climes for Fame will roam,
 To fall at last by Treachery at home ?
 Unhurt the Coward may to Ages stand,
 The Brave alone can die by my Command ;
 Oh hold my Brain, to wild Distraction wrought,
 I will not, cannot bear the painful Thought :
 Oh do not fly me, for thy Mercy's sake ;
 Turn thee, oh turn and hear the Wretched speak ;
 Ev'n Self-condemn'd thy kneeling Servant save,
 And raise a drooping Sinner from the Grave.

S P E A K mighty God, and bid thy Servant live,
 Let my charm'd Ears but hear the Word—Forgive ;
 My joyful Muse shall bear the Tydings round,
 Whilst list'ning Worlds shall catch the grateful
 Sound:

Thus other Sinners shall obedient prove,
And taught by me shall wonder at thy Love ;
My firm Resolve shall their Example be,
To place their Trust and Confidence in thee.

B y other Hands let the mute Herd be slain,
And on a thousand Altars smoke in vain ;
These Tears my better Advocates shall be,
No poor atoning Ram shall die for me ;
My Penitence shall act a nobler Part,
I bring a broken and a contrite Heart ;
But oh, if strictest Justice must be done,
If my relentless Fate comes driving on,
I stand the Mark whatever is decreed,
Be *Isra'l* safe, and let its Monarch bleed ;
On me, on me, thy utmost Vengeance take,
But spare my People for thy Mercy's sake :

Oh let *Jerusalem* to Ages stand,
Build thou her Walls, and spread her wide Com-
mand ;
So shall thy Name for ever be ador'd,
And future Worlds like me shall bless the Lord.



TRANSLATED
THE

CAPTIVE.

Psalms the Hundred and Second.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was written by one of the Captives at Babylon, at the Time when the seventy Years were expired, or were near expiring. He sets forth the miserable Condition to which he was reduced, and the solitary Life which he led, being bereft of all Hopes of returning again to his Native Country: upon which, he very elegantly compares himself to a Pelican in the Wilderness being robb'd of her Young; for which that Bird is said to have a more than ordinary Affection.

He puts God Almighty in mind of his Promise made by the Mouth of his Prophet, that he would in such a limited Time deliver his People out of Captivity, and that they should see Jerusalem rebuilt, and the Temple restor'd; and accordingly the Arguments which he makes use of to induce God to perform these great Things, are exceedingly well chosen, and very finely pursued. He concludes the Psalm with a most exalted Prophecy of the Eternity of Christ's Kingdom, of which the Establishment of the Law, and the Worship at Jerusalem upon the Restoration, was to be a Type.



THE
CAPTIVE.

PSALM the HUNDRED and SECOND.

From the dark Dungeon, from the lonely Cell,
Where pining Woe, and endless Horror dwell :
Vouchsafe, great God, these dying Sighs to hear,
Listen, oh listen to the Captive's Prayer ;

These ignominious Chains my Silence break,
These galling Fetters bid the Mourner speak ;
Let this my ruthful Look, this matted Hair,
Let these my hollow Eyes express my Care ;
These Eyes alas ! their constant Stages keep,
To lift their heavy Lids to thee and weep.
All Relish of Delight, all Joy is past,
My very Food grows nauseous to my Taste ;
Wither'd like Grass my sapless Limbs are found,
Whilst my dry rattling Skin hangs loose around ;
Ev'n to myself a Spectacle I grow,
And my whole Man's a Skeleton of Woe.
Of Hope bereft, what Hand can give me Ease ?
What Sound can charm me ? and what Sight can
 please ?

Then welcome Chains, since Liberty is fled,
Welcome my Fate, for Hope itself is dead.

THUS pierc'd with Grief, and wilder'd with Despair,
The Pelican laments her tender Care ;
To every Wind her Sorrow is addrest,
When some rude Hand has robb'd her downy Nest ;
She tries the Brake, she searches all the Plain,
Often she's heard to call, but calls in vain ;
She hangs her Wings, she hates the tedious Day,
And pensive mourns the live-long Night away.

A H ! see from whence our pregnant Ruin grows,
And hear the haughty Language of our Foes :

‘ Is then the Period of their Bondage past,
‘ And shall these *Hebrew* Slaves return at last ?
‘ Must then once more their boasted *Sion* rise,
‘ And wave its impious Banners in the Skies ?
‘ Have they forgot the memorable Day
‘ When all their shining Stores became our Prey ?

‘ When

- ‘ When Ruin swept the Coward and the Brave,
 ‘ No Walls could shield them, and no Hand could
 save ;
 ‘ In vain their feeble God they now implore,
 ‘ Alas ! *Egyptian* Plagues shall come no more,
 ‘ Their wonder-working *Moses* now is gone ;
 ‘ But——let the Fools dream on, and be undone.

H E A R this, great God, and let thy Anger rise :
 Why sleeps the awful Thunder of the Skies ?
 Is then thy wondrous Might so little known ?
 Shall it be said thy saving Pow’r is gone ?
 Ah no ! my God, it was at thy Command
 The Prophet spake it, and his Word will stand :
 Yes, we shall see our lovely *Sion* rise,
 And lift its glitt’ring Turrets to the Skies.
 What tho’ in Chains I draw my latest Breath ;
 What tho’ these streaming Eyes should set in Death,
Thou,

Thou, Glorious Being, shalt be still the same,

And Ages yet to come shall bless thy Name.

Tho' now despis'd in foreign Lands we roam,

Thy Voice will call the wandering Exiles home ;

Jerusalem once more shall know her Lord,

And thou shalt there be worship'd and ador'd.

O H *Sion* ever lov'd, and ever dear,

Great in thy Ruins, in thy Ashes fair !

How shall I speak ? what Language can express

My quick, my tender Sense of thy Distress ?

Not *Babylon* in all her Pride shall be

So fam'd for Beauty, or belov'd like thee ;

Not tho' she boasts her mighty Triumphs past,

Not tho' she reigns the Mistress of the East,

Should her vast Walls to distant Ages stand,

To shew the Greatness of the Builder's Hand ;

Tho'

Tho' high in Air her hanging Gardens rise,
And spread their wondrous Verdure in the Skies;
Ev'n then thy Ruins, nay thy Stones shall be
A lovelier, sweeter Paradise to me.

Look down, great God, for ever Good and Just,
Look down, and see thy *Sion* in the Dust!
On her lost State thy happy Influence shed,
Kindly forgive, and raise her drooping Head:
Converted Millions will the Deed approve,
Whilst kneeling Crowds shall wonder at thy Love.
Struck with the Sight our Heathen Foes shall stand,
And trembling, dread the Thunder of thy Hand;
Ev'n haughty *Babylon* shall vaunt no more,
But quit her Pride, grow humble, and adore:
Our Songs the wondrous Story shall record,
And Nations yet unborn confess the Lord.

O Extasy of Thought ! my lab'ring Soul
Exulting bids the lazy Minutes roll ;
She longs, she pants to see the glorious Day,
When *Judah's* happy Sons shall lead the way ;
Methinks I hear the happy *Judah's* Song,
Whilst all the bright Procession moves along ;
I see them leave proud *Babylon* behind,
I see them give their Sorrows to the Wind ;
From Tribe to Tribe I hear the Shouts arise
When first their Native Land salutes their Eyes ;
Prostrate they fall, and rising they embrace,
Whilst Tears of Joy run trickling down each Face :
Thy glorious Name in ev'ry Mouth is found,
The God, the Mighty God is heard around,
Hills, Rocks, and distant Worlds return the grate-
ful Sound !

THE crowding Populace with pious Care,
Prepar'd by Fasts, and sanctify'd by Pray'r ;

Begin

Begin the Work, the ruin'd Dome furround,
 Remove the pondrous Stones, and clear the Ground ;
 With joyful Shouts we see thy Temple rise,
 Each growing Turret strikes our wondring Eyes ;
 In ample Glory she revives again,
 And casts a beamy Splendour o'er the Plain.
 Thy Priests, in White array'd, thy Name invoke,
 With precious Gums thy loaded Altars smoke ;
 Remotest Nations to the Feast repair,
 Unload their Gifts, and pay their Homage there.

RANG'D on the Mount the Elders shall be found,
 With all the comely Youth attending round ;
 Often they point to thy belov'd Abode,
 Bid them look there, and wonder at the God ;
 ' A God for ever blest, and still the same,
 Loving, and kind, J E H O V A H is his Name ;

'Twas he, my Children, who your Fetters broke,
 He, he alone remov'd the galling Yoke :
 Tell it ye Hills, repeat it all ye Woods,
 Tell it ye Seas, proclaim it all ye Floods :
 Hail, hail the mighty Work with loud Acclaim,
 And let our Childrens Children blefs his Name.

Ah whither does my wandering Fancy run !
 When will the Visionary Muse have done ?
 My Soul foretels these mighty Things shall be,
 Tho' never, never to be seen by me.
 Should I be doom'd this Stage of Life to leave,
 And Death's cold Hand should stretch me in the Grave,
 Yet still unchang'd thy Purposes shall stand,
 And the great Work be wrought at thy Command ;
 Yet oh ! my God, the God of all my Might,
 Give me to find this Favour in thy Sight !

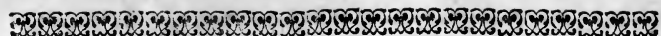
Snatch not, I beg, my flitting Soul away,
But give my Eyes to see that glorious Day !
Tho' to weak Minds it may unlikely be,
Yet what can be too hard, great God, for thee ?
Didst thou not poise in Air this wondrous Ball,
And out of Nothing speak this beauteous All ?
Didst thou not give the Sun his quickning Ray,
To flame around, and bless the World with Day ?
By thee the lovely Lamps of Heav'n arise,
Shine thro' the Gloom, and glitter in the Skies.
What tho' the Race of Man shall feel Decay ?
And like their changing Garments melt away ;
What tho' the flaming Sun should lose its Light,
Shorn of its Beams, and sink in endless Night ?
Tho' the rack'd Orb should in Confusion lie,
And all their fading Glories wink, and die ;
Ev'n in the Crush of Worlds thy glorious Name
Shall still survive, eternal and the same :

No Time to thee can any Change impart,
For thou art all in all, and all in every Part.

HE hears, he issues from his bright Abode,
Rise *Israel*, rise, and hail the coming God;
Safely conducted by his Heav'nly Hand,
Go forth, and follow to the Glorious Land.
Angels lean down to see the wond'rous Day,
Whilst Flow'rs unbidden spring to strew the Way;
Peace spreads her balmy Wings, no Noise of
Arms
Shall break your Rest, or fright ye with Alarms;
Safe in your God your easy Hours beguile,
Whilst Milk and Honey make your Pastures smile.
No more your Law, nor solemn Rites shall cease;
But *Sion's* Worship be confirm'd in Peace :

Fix'd as the Earth's Foundations ye shall stand,
Whilst willing Worlds bow down, and own your
dread Command.





THE
SUPPLICATION.

Psalms the Hundred and Thirtieth.



The ARGUMENT.

The violent Persecution which David underwent, during the Reign of Saul, was the Occasion of his writing this Psalm, by which we are instructed in the Nature, and Efficacy of Prayer, the Force of which consists in a firm Confidence in God's gracious Promises, together with a profound and acceptable Humility. The pious Prince in this Poem declares the miserable Condition to which the Tyranny of Saul had reduced him, and comforts himself in the Mercy and Power of God, which he declares to be sufficient to relieve him.

He confesses himself to be a great Sinner, and begs Pardon. He takes no Merit to himself upon the score of any of his former good Actions; he does not look upon any one to be Perfect; he declares that no Person can be deserving, but that even the most Innocent must be condemn'd, if God should rigorously examine into their Actions.

He concludes this Psalm with an Address to the whole People of Israel, in which he tells them, that as it was for their Sins God had given them up to the Tyranny of Saul, so nothing was so likely to free them from their Calamities, as a sincere and hearty Repentance.



T H E
SUPPLICATION.

PSALM the HUNDRED and THIRTIETH.

BURIED in Darkneſs, and oppreſt with Care,
To thee, my gracious God, I bend in Pray'r ;
Nor Pray'rs, nor Sighs can jealous *Saul* aſſuage,
Save me, oh ſave me from the Tyrant's Rage !
Friends I have none to take my injur'd Part,
And ſure no Soul like mine can plead Deſert ;

54. *The* SUPPLICATION.

If Merit must my Intercessor be,
Vain are my wretched Hopes, and lost in thee.

AH no! in such a Light I ne'er must shine,
Let others claim Desert, let Shame be mine;
For oh! should'st thou inspect the inward Part,
And nicely weigh each Failing of the Heart,
Should'st thou our vain and idle Actions scan,
And let thy rig'rous Justice loose on Man,
The purest Mind can no Perfection boast,
And ev'n the whitest Innocence is lost.

BUT see, thy tender Mercy intervenes,
Covers our Failings, and our Follies screens;
Mercy and Pity in thy Bosom move,
And all thy Godhead stands confest in Love,
Love, wondrous Love, the Fav'rite of thy Breast,
Love felt by all——too great to be exprest.

COME,

COME, mighty God, and take thy Servant's part,
Come, mighty God, and triumph o'er my Heart ;
Seize, take it all, and let the Wand'rer be
Close knit in sweetest Bonds to Truth and thee :
Not so thy Priests which in the Temple pray,
Watch for the early Blush of rising Day,
As my Soul pants and struggles to be free,
Full of thy wish'd Approach, and full of thee.
Come, mighty God, and take my injur'd Part,
Oh come, and reign for ever in my Heart.

OH *Isra'el* mourn, like me, your Conduct past,
Implore his Pardon, and his Bounty taste ;
All-gracious is the God in whom we trust,
Mild, and forgiving, Merciful, and Just ;

56 *The* SUPPLICATION.

His Arm will strike this grand Oppressor down,
Confirm our *Israel*, and secure the Crown ;
Then hostile Rage, and Jealousies shall cease,
And the glad Land shall taste the Sweets of Peace.





T H E

PERSECUTION.

Psalms the Hundred and Forty-Third.



The A R G U M E N T.

This Psalm was occasioned by the Rebellion of Absolom, and was written at the time when David (to be sure) was in the highest Concern, not only for the loss of his Crown, but likewise for the unnatural wickedness of his Son; for whom he always had a most tender and affectionate Regard. He confesses that his Sins might be very justly the Occasion of his Misfortune, for which he humbly begs Pardon. He puts God Almighty in mind of his former Mercies to him; and prays in this his time of Need, for a happy Continuance of his Favour and Protection. David's Flight from Jerusalem, his taking Shelter in the Wilderness, the gloominess and horror of the Night, and the dread he was in, lest Absolom should immediately fall upon him; afford us a very fine Scene of Melancholy and Distress.



T H E
P E R S E C U T I O N.

Psaln the HUNDRED and FORTY THIRD.

V Ouchsafe, my God, to lend a list'ning Ear,
 Pity the Exile, and regard my Pray'r ;
 Let me thy sweet, thy tender Mercy find,
 And calm this dreadful Tempest in my Mind.
 I rage, I burn, I rave—my Son, my Son
 (And do I live to tell it ?)—drives me on,
 From my own Child this wretched Flight accrues,
 The aged Parent flies, the Son pursues ;
 Where shall I run ? ah whither shall I flee,
 Where shall a wretched Father rest and die ?

60 *The* PERSECUTION.

A N D yet—— the Fault is mine, my Sins I own,
My hateful Sins have pull'd this Judgment down :
From my lost Scepter I with Justice fall,
Yes, I am ruin'd——and deserve it all ;
Yet do not, O my God, my Failings scan,
Remember I'm that poor weak Creature Man ;
Prone to do ill, and sinful at the best ;
Nor can our brightest Virtue stand thy Test.

O H the ungrateful Youth ! eternal Shame
Covers my wretched Age, and blasts my Name ;
Disgrace, and foul Dishonour crown my Brow,
This Defart is my only Empire now :
He minds not, hears not, sees not my Distress,
Or seeing would not with my Sorrows less ;
Alas ! he envies me this lonely Cave,
And his fell Heart pursues me to the Grave.

Y E T oh ! in spite of all this dreadful Scene,
Methinks some glimm'ring Comfort shines within ;

Thy

Thy former Mercies in my Fancy roll,
 Crowd to my Thoughts, and brighten in my Soul ;
 Fix'd with Surprize, and motionless I stand,
 And count the various Wonders of thy Hand :
 When on the rugged Bear I prov'd my Might,
 And dar'd the hungry Lion to the Fight ;
 Did not my Maker on my Side engage,
 When young in Arms I scorn'd their utmost Rage ?
 On *Dammin's* Plain when proud *Goliath* stood,
 Challeng'd our Captains, and defy'd our God ;
 Was not thy glorious Arm my Shield and Bow,
 Thy glorious Arm which laid the Boaster low ?
 Didst thou not oft the jealous *Saul* assuage,
 And kindly screen thy Servant from his Rage ?
 Thou did'st, thou did'st ; from thee my Safety came,
 Gracious and good, and thou art still the same ;
 Alike thy Mercy will for ever be,
 The same thy Bounty and thy Love to me.

C O M E quickly to my Aid, thou welcome Guest,
 And gently lull my fainting Soul to rest ;

62 *The* PERSECUTION.

My fainting Soul, like a dry thirsty Land,
Pants for the cooling Comfort of thy Hand :
Oh haste thee, do not stop, make no Delay,
How pressing is my Danger ! haste away,
Alas ! no Friend but thee can *David* boast,
And if my God is absent, I am lost.

How dreadful is the Gloom ? ——— a murm'ring
Sound

Thro' all the trembling Camp is heard around ;
We start at ev'ry Noise, and greatly fear,
We start, and think that *Absolom* is near.
O guard thy little Flock this fearful Night,
And give our Eyes to see returning Light ;
Let welcome News attend the Morning Ray,
Smile on our Wishes, and restore the Day.
The Boy, th' ambitious Boy comes thund'ring on,
And in his eager Fancy hunts me down ;
He, and his Rebels come, a num'rous Band,
Snatch me, oh snatch me from the Traitor's Hand :

Where

Where lies the Road of Safety, tell me where?
 For sure Destruction must attend me here :
 To a good God, my only Hope, I flee,
 Hope which can ne'er be lost when fix'd on thee.

O H think what wondrous Honour must ensue,
 When *Israel* sees its safety springs from you ;
 How shall their Tongues express the glorious Flame,
 How will both King and People bless thy Name ?
 Arise, great God, arise ! thy Might disclose,
 And pour out all thy Vengeance on our Foes ;
 In loudest Thunder let the Traitors see
 That Rebels wage an impious War with thee ;
 Thy Minister I am, at thy Command
 I took the Scepter, and I rul'd the Land ;
 Thine is the Cause in which our Swords we draw,
 Thine is the Cause of Liberty and Law :
 Where Justice best appears, let Conquest be,
 And strengthen thou the Arm which strikes for thee.

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